

Hurt

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Summary: Moonlight musings between Seifer and Fujin. Short and sweet.

Hurt

Hurt He lay about five inches from her, close enough so that sudden breath

> could shift his golden bangs, eyes closed in slumber. Even in the wan
 moonlight, Seifer Almas was golden - not the insipid, weak gold of

> sunlight, but the gold of molten metal - bare-chested and smooth-skinned,
 and so heartbreakingly perfect she felt her heart was trying to explode out

> her chest looking at him.<p> And yet Fujin could do nothing about it.<p>

It was like he was ten miles away, a protective, hardened shield around

> him that she could not break. Even if she touched him, dared to caress
 his skin with milk-white fingers, he would merely grimace in annoyance

> in his sleep that some mortal had dared touch his perfect visage.<p>

It was a hot night, even with the window wide open. The hotel did what

> it could to make it's rooms airy, but nonetheless the heat was oppressive,
 making the Posse shed shame - with clothing - to be comfortable.

> Raijin, snoring peacefully in the next bed, was stripped down to a
 large sheet covering his body and boxers. Fujin herself could only bear

> having her undershirt and underthings on - making the other two
 carefully look the other way - and Seifer dared the heat on the bed,

> wearing only his pants. His chest gleamed with a slight sheen of

sweat,
 but his features were peaceful, at rest.

There were only two beds in this room, and Raijin barely fit one. And

> of course, Seifer and Fujin had argued for over twenty minutes as to
 who would get the second - both trying to make the other take it -

> until exhaustion and the heat claimed them and they tumbled in together
 at a careful distance. And even at that, Fujin could not

> sleep as his presence dominated the bed. Couldn't sleep knowing...
 knowing... that their skin might brush or that they might touch as she
> dreamt.<p>

Her long bangs were irritating her, making her eyepatch itch, so Fujin

> rebelliously took it off to let the moonlight see what nobody else had
 for years. The itch subsided as moonlight looked upon her ugliness, her

> shame, the reason she was Fujin Kazeno. And where externally she was
 proud of the T-Rexaur's mark on her flesh, right now she loathed it;

> couldn't bear what it made her.<p>

Seifer stirred in his sleep and her fingers hurriedly fumbled with her

> patch, but off he dozed again, and she relaxed. But he muttered in his
 sleep, his hip arching up and flopping forward as he rolled closer. Her

> nose was almost buried in his cheek as he sleepily, unknowingly pulled
 her towards him with a lazy swipe of his arms, like a child with a

> teddybear. Fujin looked at him, horrified, but all he did was snuggle
 closer, cheek pressed to her collarbone. His hair smelt like woodsmoke

> and like him, just utterly Seifer. She had to stop herself from taking
 a deep breath like an addict, just to get more.

Let me go, she begged him silently, heart beating fast, arms

> trying to wriggle away. Please, let me go. Don't let me sleep like
 this in your arms, just to wake up and discover it's nothing._

For a few gut-wrenching moments, he stayed, but then his consciousness

> decided lying on his back was better for heat and he rolled away again.<p>

Two sides of Fujin warred, one bitterly disappointed and the other

> screaming in relief as she slid gently off the bed and on to the floor. <p>

And facing the window, bathed in moonlight, she wept silently, soul

> tattered at the edges as she suddenly wondered with amazing clarity
 what the hell she was doing there, with a man who didn't love her and

> who she loved so much she might die of it.<p>

And it _hurt_ and it _hurt_ and it _hurt_ and it _hurt_ and it
hurt...
>_____<p>

Hurt
>_____

Fusama was awake.

Her wakefulness was pissing him off most royally but something inside

> him said not to admonish her; after all, it would be her fault in
the
 morning when he was faced with not enough sleep, grumpy and
baggy-eyed.

> Anyway, the heat was shitty too, helping to keep him awake - he
was
 sweating half his bodyweight.

Yet when he opened his eyes a crack, she looked cool in the
moonlight,

> a creature carved from fine marble. Seifer hadn't looked at her
before,
 couldn't look at her slight form dressed in dangerously
skimpy cotton,

> but now he selfishly looked as he pleased. Hell, she was damn
beautiful
 for a woman whose favourite pastime was trying to make
herself ugly.

> Her features were soft, musing, not the hardened mask she
usually
 contorted them into. Face so delicate, lips so pale
pink... one of the

> most beautiful women he'd ever seen, that was for sure. Better
than
 Rinoa. She'd been pretty, sure, but it was such... such a
common prettiness.

> Crimson-eyed, platinum-haired Fujin was exotic in her beauty, even
more
 so right now, no barriers up. And as for the slim, toned
body, with

> that perfect, pale skin he sometimes... longed to caress, just

sometimes...

Yeah, right, Almasy. Like she'd ever look at you as anything other

> than the posse-leader that you are. As far as he knew, Fujin Kazeno

 didn't like any men, and what with the one-eyed two-legged

> shouting-pale-people-eater gig she put on, nobody ever noticed
how
 beautiful she really was. So, Seifer rationalized, he was
doing her a

> favour by admiring the sweet curve of her bust through her
undershirt
 and the slimness of her thigh and the way he could see
her flat stomach

> peeping out from - no, no, Seifer... if you go hot and panting
now,
 you'll go into heat shock.

Suddenly her delicate fingers reached up to her face and she tugged
off

> her eyepatch, and he tensed up. He hadn't seen that wicked scar
since
 he had wiped it clean, and the severity of it cut him; you
could see

> where the claw had dragged, tearing through flesh... Seifer
shuddered
 and was furiously proud of her all of a sudden, the way
she was carrying

> the scar now and looking back so that the light could touch it.

It
 didn't detract from her beauty, it just seemed to enhance it.

Suddenly he got the selfish, lustful urge to hold her in his arms, to

> kiss the scar and see how the most vulnerable part of this woman felt
 underneath his lips. He murmured her name under his breath and rolled
> forward, bundling her into his arms and burying his head in the soft
 skin beneath her throat. She smelled sweaty and sweet, soap mixing with
> her heat. He felt her body tense up under his, and for one hopeful
 moment he thought she was going to hold him back - but she squirmed a
> little, fearfully, so he rolled back, somehow bitterly disappointed.
 He turned his head away so that she might not see the hurt his features
> twisted into, wanting... wanting... what he couldn't have.

She doesn't want your touch, Almas, what did you expect? That brave

> bold Fusama would suddenly turn into a fainting flower and snuggle into
 her white knight's arms, as you whispered sweetness into her ear about
> how beautiful she was, about how the moon was hiding behind the clouds
 in jealousy just looking at her. Some trite shit, just to let her know
> behind the lines how much he felt, how much he admired her cool beauty...
 He'd been rejected a million times, accepted a million times, none of
> it had mattered. So why did it hurt so damn much to have Fujin squirm
 out of his arms?

Before he could stop it his eyes got all hot and burning and a tear

> shamefully slid down his cheek. It dripped down on to his hand and he
 stared at it momentarily before dashing it away like it had never
> existed. It had never existed. Seifer Almas didn't cry... never ever
> ever, no matter how much anything hurt, if not before, not now. If
 Fujin had pushed him away, shouted 'Rage' and kicked him in the shins,
> he would have just laughed. Her loss. It had been mere lust to want
 to hold her. He wasn't made of stone, after all, even if _she_
> was. It had just been too damn long since he'd been intimate with
 anyone. And of _course_ he didn't want to hold _her_ specifically, even if she
> was pale angel Fujin who was making his pulse skyrocket.

He'd be fine, lonely in his bed, without her. Because he _had_ to

>be without her.

And it _hurt._

> _____

By morning, the matter had been pushed to the backs of their minds with

> nary a glance at the other. Yet Raijin still had the smarts to ask why
 Fujin's eyes were so puffy and bloodshot, and why Seifer looked so

> tired, and they gave each other one glance - one mere glance - just to
 see, be suspicious, that maybe, - maybe -

But then they abruptly looked away, because eventually pain monopolizes

> the body so much, it just hurts more to hope.

~FIN~

>

_Well, wasn't that a happy little episode? I wanted to do a prequel

> to 'Sapphire Blues', in the nature of the relationship between Fujin
 and Seifer, but it suddenly worked out to this. Oh, well. I'll get

> it right one day, people. - Guardian
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End
file.